

# A <sup>1<sup>st</sup></sup>TOR in a Whig's Coat :

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## A New English BALLAD,

*A popish Libell.*

To an Old Scotch Tune, Up with Ayley, &c.

11. Aug. 1682.

[ 1 ]

What! still ye *Whigs* uneasie!  
Will nothing cool your Brain,  
Unless Great *Charles*, to please ye,  
Will let ye drive his Wain?  
Then up with *Prance* and *Oakes*,  
And up with Knaves a pair;  
But down with him that Votes  
Against a Lawful Heir.

[ 2 ]

Your Grievance is remov'd, *Edw. Seymour*  
Old *Stafford's* made a Saint,  
Though you but little prov'd,  
The Karle away is sent.  
Then up with all your spight,  
And shew us what you mean;  
I fear me, by this Light,  
Ye long to vent your Spleen.

[ 3 ]

That Peerless House of Commons,  
So zealous for the Lord,  
Meant (piously) with some on's  
To flesh the Godly's Sword:  
Then up with au the Leaven,  
With each *Disenting Loon*,  
Then up with Bully *Stephen*;  
But Colledge is gone doon.

[ 4 ]

What wou'd those Loons have had?  
What makes 'em still to mutter?  
I think thy're au gone mad,  
They keep so muckle clutter:  
Then up with *Pillington* and *Shute*,  
Another Blessed Pair;  
And up with e'ry Brute; *Cangley*  
But chiefly *Coatham's Mayor*. *Cush*

[ 5 ]

Our *Salamanca Priest* *Dr Oaky*.  
Has left his Flock in hast;  
And shrewdly is he mist;  
Which makes us all agast:  
Then up with Lads of worth,  
With *Baldwin*, *Vile* and *Care*;  
For these must now hold forth,  
And *Dick* shall nose a Pray'r.

[ 6 ]

But is awr Parson gone;  
And whither gone I trow?  
What, back agen to *Spain*?  
Geud Faith e'n let him go:  
Then up with blundering J.  
The *Tories* Plague, I trow;  
'Tis he our Cause must bless  
With *Characters*, and so.—

[ 7 ]

But scurvy *Heracitus*,  
And *Roger* too, is rude,  
And *Nat*, who plagues poor *Titus*,  
Which makes us chew the Cud:  
Then up with *Associations*,  
*Remonstrances* and *Libels*;  
'Tis these must save *Three Nations*,  
And will preserve our *Bibles*.

[ 8 ]

The *Polish* Fox does seem *Ed Shafsbury*.  
To sleep his time away;  
But his pernicious Dream  
Is (only) to Betray:  
Then up with *How*, the Mole, *Ed Howard of*  
And many more that be; *Winick*.  
But up with *Little Pole*  
Upon the highest Tree.

[ 9 ]

*Heracitus* is a Debtor,  
To some within the City,  
VWho sent him like a Letter,  
He'l pay them in a Ditty:  
Then up with au *Dissenters*,  
Up with 'em in a Cart:  
And up with him that ventures  
His Majesty to thwart.

[ 10 ]

But now Great *TOR K* is come,  
(VWhom Heaven still be with).  
You'll find (both all and some)  
'Twas ill to shew your Teeth:  
Then up with e'ry *Round-head*,  
And e'ry *Fatious Brother*,  
You're Luck is now confounded,  
Ye au must up together.